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NOVEMBER, 1924

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NO. 2

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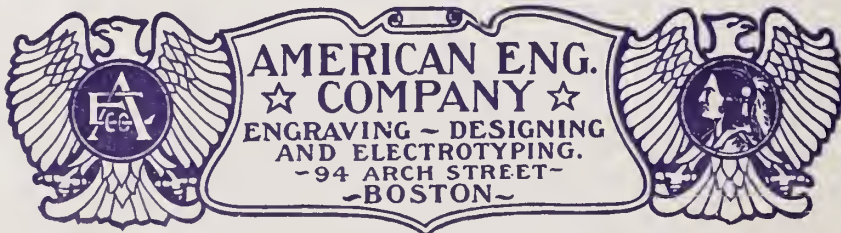
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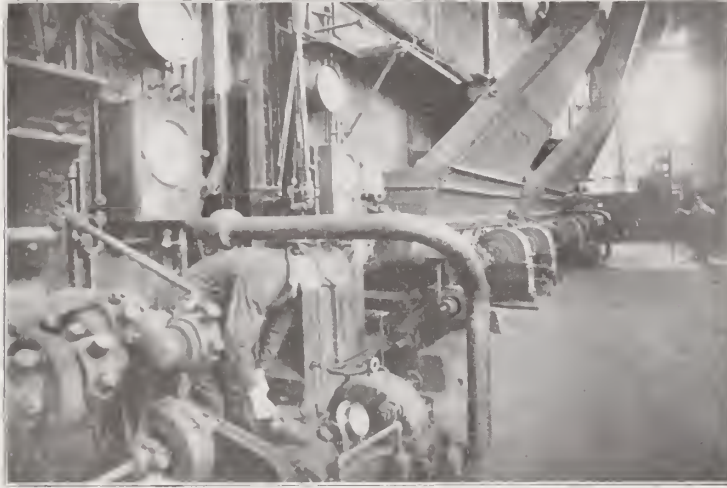
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LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

□ □ □ Contents □ □ □

	<i>Page</i>
EDITORIALS.....	4
SEELEY DOES HIS STUFF.....	6
HATS OFF, QUARTERBACK.....	9
THE SUBSTITUTE.....	12
WINNING HIS "B".....	13
THE NEW COACH.....	16
EXCHANGES.....	19
SCHOOL NOTES.....	20
SENIOR CLASS ELECTION.....	22
AMONG THE CLUBS.....	23
SPORTS.....	24
HUMOR.....	31

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FORCE OF HABIT

Recently the following article appeared in an evening newspaper:

AGED LONDON WARDEN HANGS SELF

"Haunted by the many death scenes he had witnessed in the past thirty years, George ———, warden of ——— Prison, died today by his own hand. The circumstances are extraordinary, the execution having been carried out in regulation prison manner. In view of the fact that a condemned prisoner is allowed his choice of food for his last meal, the aged man demanded a rather sumptuous breakfast before leaving his home this morning. Arriving at the prison, he stopped one hundred paces from the death-shed, which is the exact distance between the shed and a condemned man's cell. With head bowed and arms folded behind, the warden took one hundred slow paces forward, and mounted the platform. After testing the rope in customary fashion, he slipped it over his head, and plunged through the trap, where his body was found late today."

Habit is a good workman, but a bad master. We all know the various consequences of bad habits, and being students of the Latin School, we all try to avoid them. But there are good habits as well as bad, and we should not look to avoid these. One good habit which pertains to us so much is that of study. "Same

old stuff," some of us will say. But let us take this seriously for a change, for nothing is more serious for us. Watch the persons you know, members of your own family. You will perhaps be astonished to find that they do everything in nearly the same way every day, and if they depart from some established habit, they experience a feeling of being lost. Working on this fact, let us now acquire the habit of studying, and let us never feel lost. Study during certain hours. That is more important than it may seem. By studying during certain hours, we eliminate all outside attractions. Let us take, for example, the fellow who works at intervals during the evening, from four to five o'clock, six to seven o'clock, and eight-thirty to ten o'clock. It is daylight when he begins, but it continually grows darker. He substitutes artificial light for sunlight. *His environment changes*, and unconsciously his concentration is drawn from his work to note this change. This sounds "far-fetched," but the mind really is that delicate. Begin at a certain hour of the evening, and work always under the same conditions. In this way, the mind becomes oblivious of its surroundings. This is of evident advantage. Find out how much time you need for study, and during this time, *do nothing else*. Be systematic, and you will find ample time for recreation, without injuring your scholarship.

* * * * *

NEVER SAY DIE

"Give me the man who can hold on when others let go; who pushes ahead when others turn back; who stiffens up when others retreat; who knows no such word as 'can't' or 'give up'; and I will show you a man who will win in the end, no matter who opposes him, no matter what obstacles forbid."—Marden.

We take the above quotation for our text this issue. It's a keen arrow of shining truth that hits its mark fairly and squarely. We'd all like to be successful in whatever we do, of course. That's human nature. But the man that *never* gives up, the man that has the elusive quality "stick-to-it-iveness," is bound to win out in the end. There is no force on earth that can stop him. For glory and success in their true sense are not only to those that have tried and succeeded. We call men like Nathan Hale glorious failures,—but was he a failure? No! he was a glorious success, for he died fighting for the truth. He didn't give up; his spirit, the exalted spirit of '76, carried on, setting a wondrous example to the men of that day and this. Men that have died for the truth shall never be forgotten while mankind honors the brave.

If we could but apply this nameless quality, called, for want of a better word, "never say die," to our daily tasks, what a change for the better there would be! And, narrowing the field, if we could only apply this spirit of "never-say die" to our school life, how different we should find it!

Fellows, wake up! The year is young. Last month's mistakes were costly, but start anew. Don't give up until the time for relaxation really arrives. You have a job; stick to it. Culture and Education are your employers; your books, the Wisdom of the Ages; the final goal, the progress of humanity. And the underlying element behind all this is the attribute that has raised obscure men to the heights of genius. That, O reader, is the nameless quality, called, for want of a better word, "NEVER SAY DIE."

—A. R. R. '26

Seeley Does His Stuff

Philip J. Denvir

Millburn Academy is an old private school nestling among the hills of western Massachusetts. The country surrounding the Academy is very sparsely settled, as it is fifty miles from the nearest city of any pretensions. The site is ideal for a school, and it is said that the founder searched many months for the spot.

The buildings are arranged in the form of a square around a velvety campus, which is cut diagonally by gravel walks. Across the road, behind a row of majestic elms, the gymnasium stands. From here the athletic field, marked by the snowy lines of the gridiron, stretches to the bank of the Casterbridge River. This river provides sports the year round for the students.

It was to Millburn that Bill Seeley was returning for his last year. Bill's case was deserving of sympathy. He was a "hero worshipper." Unlike most of the fellows who idolize the football player, Bill had a burning desire to be in the fray, to trample down his opponents, to sweep them from the field. This however, would never come to pass, for Bill had been born a cripple. His left leg was practically useless.

In spite of the fact that he could not play the game, he studied it and mastered all the rules. He had made numerous suggestions, and it had come about that he had become a kind of student adviser and was even admitted to the sacred precincts of the "skull" room. At "skull" practice he was often called upon to answer questions about plays of the preceding game, and he was always ready with a solution to their problems.

Night after night he hobbled up and down the field with the coach, following

the team in its practice. It was at the scrimmages he found his inability to play hardest to bear. He was the only boy on the field who could not throw himself into the game and do something for the honor of the school.

To-night he found himself dreaming of the big game of the year, the game with Westville. He dreamed that he was in the game; making runs that would go down in the history of the school as: "the famous runs by Bill Seeley, back in 1924."

He was awakened from his day dream by the voice of Coach Stone asking Capt. Jim Archer why it would not be a good plan to have a play following the old criss-cross, which would be a good ground gainer. Jim, however, shrugged his shoulders and said, "Ask me something easy. Who do you think I am, —Walter Camp? Try Bill Seeley, he's the only football expert in the crowd."

The coach turned to Bill, "What say, Bill? Do you think there's a play?"

"Oh sure there's a play all right, but there's hardly any time left. The Westville game is only a week off, you know."

"Well!" said the coach, "If I had the play by tomorrow afternoon, I'm sure I could pound it into their heads by Saturday. I suppose that ends it, because I haven't the time to do it," and he turned disconsolately toward the gym.

That night Bill Seeley sat in his room trying vainly to study. "Gee but I wish this old peg of mine was good and then I could get into the game and do something for the old school," he moaned. All of a sudden he was struck by an idea. Why not act on the suggestion of the coach? Here was the very thing for a fellow like Bill. After musing a long time he closed the book with a

bang. "I'll do it," he said. Turning to his room-mate he said, "Come on, Joe, take the air! I've got to work out a play for Stone and I won't be able to get anywhere if you're around." Joe got out of his easy chair and grumblingly went out.

Bill immediately got busy on the play. He worked late and destroyed half of a block of paper before he was satisfied with the result. At eleven-thirty his roommate returned and greeted him. Bill, however, paid no attention to him. "You might at least say good night to a fellow," growled Joe. Deep silence followed this shot. About two o'clock Bill finished the play and lay down for a few hour's sleep.

In the morning he took his play to the coach for approval. The coach's first greeting was, "Hello Bill! You look as though you were up all night. What's the matter? Have you got another one of those tricky Algebra problems for me to do? I'm getting rather rusty on that stuff."

"No, this is the answer to your prayer, I think," said Bill.

"What's that?" gasped the coach. "You don't mean to say you've doped out a play?"

"Well, take a look," he said. "I've got a play here. I don't know whether it will fill the bill or not." He showed the diagram to the coach and explained the play as he went along. Stone studied the diagram for a full minute, and then, as the significance of it dawned upon him, he slapped his knee and cried, "Why, Bill! It's a wonder." Then as Bill started for the door the coach said "I want you to show that on the board at skull practice to-night."

Bill left for his room in an ecstasy of joy. He struggled up the stairs to his room and sat down on the bed. Oh! If it only works," he murmured.

That day in class he acted like one in a trance. His translation of Virgil caused a snicker to ripple around the room.

Although Bill received his full quota of zeros that day, he refused to become downhearted. His play had been accepted and was looked upon as one of the chief hopes in the coming game with Westville.

At "skull" practice that afternoon a nervous excitement hung over the room. Little knots of boys gathered together, whispering and nodding their heads toward Bill. The coach called for order and needless to say, he got it immediately. "All right, Bill! Let's have that on the blackboard. Now wait a minute, not so fast! Some of these fellows are so dumb they need all the time in the world to get anything into their heads."

Bill felt nervous, but the whispered encouragement from the boys relieved him and he launched into the subject at hand with all the fire of his heart. After a short time, he was stormed with questions, which he quietly and patiently answered.

"Well! What do you think of it, Jack?" queried the coach.

"Why! It's the best ever. I'll bet ten to one it scores at least two touchdowns against Westville." The rest of the team thoroughly agreed with their captain, and in a few moments the whole squad trooped out onto the athletic field. The first team went to a corner of the field and practised the new play for a full hour. At first it seemed that the backs would never do the right things; but gradually the team took hold and soon everything was working smoothly and with lots of snap.

"With one more night's practice we'll be ready to spring it on the Juniors, and then perfect it for the game," said Bill gleefully. The following afternoon the Varsity swamped the Juniors, scor-

ing time after time on Bill's play.

The stage was now set for the final triumph. Many old graduates returned to witness a younger generation struggling for their *Alma Mater*. The little hotel in the village was filled to overflowing by the influx of football enthusiasts, who came from all directions to see the Prep school football classic.

The day of the game dawned cold and cloudy, and the football mad world was disappointed, hoping against hope that it would clear up before game time.

However, the day remained cloudy with intermittent showers. This, however, did not cause the coach any anxiety, for deep down in his heart he felt that the slippery field would prove a stumbling block to the light, fast backs of the Westville team. It also afforded an excellent opportunity to work Bill's play.

Regardless of the inclement weather, the stands were nearly filled long before either team appeared for preliminary practice.

As the Millburn team took the field there was a mighty roar followed by a thunderous cheer for the team. The first team lined up and went through a snappy signal drill, while the rest of the squad, clad in blankets, trotted to the bench. A few moments later the stands were again in an uproar as the Westville team galloped onto the field.

The stands were a riot of color. On the north side fluttered the royal purple of Millburn, while across the field Westville's crimson banners flapped in the breeze.

The great game was about to start. The chatter in the stands ceased. Then the whistle blew. The game was on!

Back and forth the teams plunged and wallowed in the mud. Long runs were spoiled by the failure of the cleats to hold in the slippery ground. At the end of the half the game was a scoreless tie. One can easily understand that it

was two very weary teams that dragged themselves from the field to the locker house amid the cheers of their respective followers. During the rest period the school bands played, and this served to revive the ebbing spirits of the drenched crowd.

By the beginning of the second half the rain had stopped, and the sun poked his way through the leaden bank of clouds. The damage, however, had been done. The field remained as slippery as ever.

The game was drawing to a close, and Bill Seeley sitting in the front row of the cheering section looked the picture of disappointment. "Why don't they give it a try," he groaned. "Everything else has failed." Suddenly he heard the signal for his play called. "Here she goes," he cried.

The play started like Millburn's old criss-cross, but after Don Smith had faked a pass to Jim Crocker, he did not carry the ball through the line. He took a few steps and tossed the ball to Jim Archer, who started like mad for the end and then hurled a beautiful pass to little Eddie Harris, the quarterback. By this time the secondary defense had been drawn in and the little field general had only one man between him and a touchdown. Catching the ball neatly, without so much as losing his stride, he started for the goal line. The very audacity of the play attempted on such a wet field quite took the breath of the spectators as well as the Westville team. But now the stands were awake, cheering lustily for the little chap in the purple jersey. Eddie kept on his way, splashing toward the goal. The Westville quarter made the mistake of running at top speed so that, just before he dived his feet slipped and he missed his man by a yard. It was all over now but the cheering; for Eddie had continued on his way and crossed the line standing up. Jim Archer kicked the goal. A

moment later the whistle sounded, ending the game.

Immediately the team rushed over, grabbed Bill Seeley and Eddie Harris and raised them on their shoulders. Jim Archer called for a regular "Mill-

burn" with three "Seeley's" on the end. The cheer shook the stands and with that cheer came to Bill the greatest thrill of his life. At last he had got the much-coveted regular Millburn cheer.

Hats off, Quarterback

By Clair C. Corey

Charles Thompson slowly rose from bed, and sleepily rubbing his eyes, looked out of the window at the autumn landscape. It was one of those crisp, windy days of Indian Summer which makes one glad to be alive and able to be out in the invigorating air. No, gentle reader, it was not the day of the annual game between Hickville and Mudtown, and Charley Thompson was not the star quarterback of the Hickville High School football team, who would rush into the game at the crucial moment and score the winning touchdown. Neither was he the scrub player whose meteoric rise to fame by winning the game by a dropkick in the last seconds would win the applause of the entire town. He was only the coach of Westport High football team, a man whose strategy had won many a game for Westport in the five years during which he had been coach. The reason for Coach Thompson's sleepiness on such a glorious morning was the fact that he had lain awake most of the night, trying to devise some scheme for outwitting the Lancaster High School Team, which was scheduled to play Westport that very afternoon. Although not the final game of the year, much hinged on this game, as the winner would play the undefeated Chesterfield team on Thanksgiving day.

"Let's see now," mused Thompson

while dressing, "there's the plain clothes player trick, and the two ball trick—h'm, as far as I can see, I've used them all. It wouldn't do to try to work them again this year. Someone might get suspicious, and then the jig would be up. I'll have to think up a new one, that's all."

As can be seen by this speech, Coach Thompson felt no twinges of conscience as long as he continued to win games. If a certain scheme would net six points, why, all right! This had been a rather poor year for material, according to Thompson. That is to say, there was only one player on the team who would consent to employ the coach's rather dubious schemes, and this in Thompson's eyes was a serious drawback. So far in the season, he and his quarterback, Johnson, had employed various underhanded means, and in common parlance, had "gotten away with it." The other members of the Westport squad, although they may have felt that something was wrong, did not inquire deeply into the matter, flushed as they were by their numerous victories of the season.

Having finished dressing and eaten a hasty breakfast, Thompson put on his coat, and took his hat off the hat rack. As he did so, a piece of paper fell out of the hat and fluttered to the floor. As he stooped to retrieve it, he uttered a sudden ejaculation.

"My signals for today's game! In the

hat! Why couldn't I—?" Jamming his hat over his ears and stuffing the paper in his pocket, the excited coach rushed out of the house, slamming the door behind him.

While Thompson is planning new methods of strategy, let us turn our attention to Westport Park, where the Westport-Lancaster game was scheduled to begin at 3.30 that afternoon. It was now three o'clock and the stands were already three-quarters full. The north side was a mass of purple flags and arm bands, the royal color of Lancaster High. This was in sharp contrast to the prevailing red and white of the south section, where the rabid Westport rooters were already breaking into impromptu cheers. The appearance of the Lancaster squad was the signal for a wild demonstration by the frenzied supporters of the purple. The first team lined up at the north end of the field and ran through a few plays. The opposing Westport players ran on the field, led by Charley Thompson, whom we have met before in this story. As the Westport varsity team lined up for practice, the cheer leaders of the red and white gave the signal, and the south stands broke into their famous—"Hit 'em in the eyebrow, sock 'em in the jaw! How do ya like ya onions? Raw! Raw! Raw! Westport, Westport, Westport!"

After a few minutes of kicking practice, the referee blew his whistle and the teams spread out over the field, while the rival captains tossed a coin. Lancaster won the toss and chose to defend the south goal. The whistle blew, Lancaster kicked off, and the game was on.

When the Westport squad first came on the field, an observant fan might have noticed Thompson giving last instructions to Johnson, the quarterback. What the coach told Johnson to do in

case certain circumstances arose remains to be seen. The first half was uneventful, although not devoid of interest, as the teams were quite evenly matched, but the second half began with no score for either side. Suddenly, however, the breaks began to go against Westport, and the visiting enthusiasts grew more and more exultant as the third quarter progressed. Fumbles by the Westport fullback and a couple of blocked punts brought the Lancaster team within scoring distance of the Westport goal. Quarterback Johnson was now desperate. Every play that he knew had been tried several times with no gain. Only for the firm holding of the line, the Lancaster eleven would have already scored a touchdown. But one thing remained to be done and that was, to follow Coach Thompson's last instructions. The teams lined up for the next play, with the ball in Westport's possession on their own twenty-yard line, second down with ten yards to go. Johnson called for a quarterback run through tackle, received the ball from the center, but was brought up short against the opposing line, as if he had hit a stone wall. While the players were extricating themselves from the pile, Johnson, unobserved, purposely broke the strap on his helmet, and ripped one earguard nearly off. Rushing up to the referee, and waving the damaged helmet, he asked that a new one be thrown out to him. The referee tossed the torn headgear to the players on the Westport bench, and Coach Thompson threw a new helmet to his peerless quarterback. As Johnson was adjusting the new helmet he reached inside quickly, and took something out of the lining. The whistle blew, Johnson barked some signals, and then, on a criss-cross play, dashed around the left end for twenty yards. Successive runs by Johnson, Bacon, the left-half, and Thomas, the fullback,

netted forty yards. This brought the pigskin to Lancaster's twenty-yard line, from which Johnson attempted to score, after receiving a forward pass from Bacon. As he grasped the ball and started to run, he was tackled so fiercely by a Lancaster end that in his fall the strap on his new helmet broke, and the precious headgear rolled along the ground. Dropping the ball, which a Lancaster player promptly recovered, Johnson strove to recover the helmet above all else. The referee, suspecting that something was wrong, picked up the helmet just as Johnson made a grab for it, and putting his hand inside, drew out a paper on which Coach Thompson had written the secret plays which he obtained from some professional players, who were friends of his. In the meantime the stands were in an uproar, and as in the case when no one knows the facts, each person advanced his own theory as to the cause of the present disturbance on the gridiron below. A second later, however, no one could doubt what the result of this all would be, for, in their consternation at having their quarterback and coach proven guilty of underhanded tactics, the Westport players had forgotten the Lancaster player who

had retrieved the ball when Johnson had dropped it. The referee in his excitement had forgotten to call time and now the Lancaster player could be seen racing up the gridiron to the Westport goal, 75 yards away. There was no mistaking what this meant, as the purple jerseyed figure, pursued vainly by a few Westport players, crossed the goal line and touched the ball to the ground, thus recording six points for Lancaster. The north stands rocked with the spontaneous cheers of the joy-mad Lancaster fans. Hats were hurled aloft, and everywhere purple banners were waving and fluttering. On the other end of the stand, the dejected Westport rooters sat in silence, with their red and white banners drooping and, although disheartened at losing the game, and cursing their luck, made known their feelings toward Coach Thompson and his tool, Johnson. The referee called the game at the conclusion of the Lancaster touchdown, and with a squad of police, escorted Thompson and Johnson from the field. Needless to say, neither of these master strategists returned to Westport again, and none of the Westport players were ever again known to wear anything in their helmets except their heads.

"LETTERS TO THE EDITOR"

A school paper should be the organ of the entire school, not the mouthpiece through which the staff expresses its own private views. But it's up to you, gentle reader, to make the *Register* the medium of the whole of the school. We, the staff, will be overjoyed to answer the questions or to discuss the opinions of the student body. To further this ambition of ours, we are opening a column, in the December issue, entitled, "Letters to the Editor." In this column, opinions will be set forth and briefly discussed, while questions will be answered and discussed also. This idea, as far as we know, is an innovation. Through the exchanges it will travel all over the country and this column will be read and commented on by the various exchange editors. Won't you help make it successful? There are questions that puzzle you, we feel sure. We know that you have some ideas or opinions that you are just aching to be enlightened upon. Use this column! In sending in your questions or material to this column, please enclose your name and room number. All questions will be held strictly anonymous. Help make it successful by sending in your contribution.

The Substitute

S. J. Fox

One dusty day in May, 1864, a thin, shrunken man, dressed in the faded blue of the Union Army, was deposited at the structure that went under the name of the Acton Railway Station. As he wearily looked around him, half expecting to see some friend or acquaintance, the man seemed to represent the very personification of forlornness. The loose uniform which clung to his emaciated frame, seemed only to accentuate his pitiful thinness, while a hollow cough, that seemed to come from the very bottom of his lungs, gave evidence of consumption.

After a final look at the deserted station shanty, he wearily picked up his worn and battered valise and proceeded slowly up the single street of the town. How different everything had been only a single year previous to that! Then, whenever a wounded soldier came home, the whole town turned out to welcome him. Now, however, the spectacle of returning soldiers had become much too common an occurrence to attract much attention. After the first wave of blind hero worship had passed over the country, the novelty had begun to wear off, so that few people outside of near friends, either knew or cared who came back from the war.

"Well," he reflected, "things were always that way. When we left in the pride of departure, we little thought of what the future had in store for us." He heaved a deep sigh, and for a moment bitter memories caused a lump to rise up in his throat, while his eyes grew unaccountably dim. However, clearing his throat and vigorously shaking his head he went on, and taking up the thread of his reflections where he had

broken off, continued, "At least I am better off than some of my comrades, for of course my old friend, Jimmy Stone, will look after me, since I substituted for him last year. Besides, I have Mary to care for me too. She promised to wait until I came back. How glad she will be to see me!" At this point a glow suffused his hollow cheeks, while his shrunken frame seemed to fill out and expand, just as an old fire horse seems to take on new life when he hears the alarm bell.

By then, he had arrived at the Town Hall, where he noticed for the first time, a crowd which seemed greatly pleased at the spectacle of a young couple seated in a richly ornamented chaise, being showered with rice and confetti. He reminded himself that he too would soon be in a similar position, and his heart felt lighter than it had been for many a long day.

Suddenly, something in the poise of the girl awakened recollections in his heart. He pressed through the crowd, his eyes dilated, his breath coming in gasps. When he had arrived at the chaise, he could say nothing coherent, but raising an accusing finger at her he panted out only one word, "Mary!"

Then turning to the groom to see who he was, he suddenly stiffened. He tried to say something, but all he could gasp out was "Jim—my—Sto—." A hushed murmur ran through the crowd, but no one interfered. The blue-clad figure came to attention, saluted the flag floating over the Town Hall, and with a smile on his lips fell back.

One more hero had received his transfer from the "Army of the Potomac" to the "Army of the Dead."

Winning His "B"

Raymond S. Bernhardt

Allan McKellar entered Brinsdale University in the fall of 1899. He seemed to all his friends just a poor boy with the sole desire to learn as much as possible while in college. Now, this seems a laudable ambition to most people, but not to the majority of college students. Their only thought is to have a good time, and to graduate from college as best as they can. Allan, however, had an invalid mother whom it had been necessary for him to support since the time when his father had been killed in an accident three years before. Allan became known as a "grind." One night his friends said, "Come on, Allan. You can do that economics stuff tomorrow. Forget it! Have a good time for once in your life." Allan, up to that time, had been bent industriously over his work. He got up, his face creased in sorrow. He said, "Well, fellows, I'd like to go with you, but I really can't. I must get a scholarship." His friends went out disconsolately. "So long, fellows." Silence followed, except for the ticking of Allan's alarm clock. He sighed heavily and then turned again to his studies.

After that day, his friends took it for granted that Allan would be studying all the time, and he received no more invitations to go out with them. In this way passed Allan's freshman, sophomore, and junior years. He was despised by some of the fellows for studying so much, and did not make many friends because he was not a member of a "frat." He couldn't afford it, and besides, a fellow had to be popular to be a member.

Allan's hard work won him the income from a fund at the end of his

junior year. This fund was especially founded for boys in such dire straits as he was. It removed for a time the necessity to earn money for his mother. "Now," said Allan to himself, "I'm going to win my 'B.'" He did not know just what sport to compete in, but as events proved, he didn't have to. One day, he was walking down Elm Street, on which the football field was situated. As Allan was passing by the field, a ball was kicked near him. In an instant, many recollections passed through his mind; how, when a boy, he had been very fond of football. Vivid memories of his boyhood came back to him in that brief instant, and one in particular. He had played a wonderful game at half-back for the Centrals of his home town one afternoon, in which his remarkable broken field running and punting had brought forth many yells of approval from his admirers. At the end of the game, he had been praised by Brock, Walter Camp's All-American choice for left half-back. Why, he had gone to college for the very purpose to play football, but for the last three years he hadn't even seen a football. Disappointment? Tragedy! His mind returned from its wanderings. He picked up the ball and gave it a lusty kick. The ball soared far down the field, and Allan himself was very much surprised at the height and distance which he got.

Coach Stone of Brinsdale had seen that punt and said to his assistant, Harry Jones, "Say, Harry, did you see that punt? Come along with me. I'm going to talk to that fellow." The coach and his assistant wended their way through the multitude of football

players and walked towards Allan. Harry Jones yelled to Allan who was walking away, "Hey there, young fellow, the coach wants to speak to you." Allan came back to where they stood and asked, "What's the matter?" The coach said abruptly, "Report for football practice at the locker room tomorrow afternoon at three-thirty." It was a beaming, high-spirited Allan who went back to his rooms that afternoon. He seemed to feel in the very air, that everybody in the world was saying to him, "Here's your chance, Allan, make good."

The next day, as soon as his classes were over, Allan rushed down to the locker room. There, one of the assistant managers gave him some football togs and told him to join some other "would-be" stars in falling on a football. He did this and soon found out that football was hard work. There was not so much fun in it as in his boyhood days, for football at Brinsdale was taken very seriously. That night he was sore in every limb. The next few days he was moved to the different squads, tackling, kicking, etc., which composed the team. He received several bruises each day, but he kept right on plugging as he did when studying. One day the coach said to his assistant: "Say, Harry, that boy McKellar has been doing good work lately, and he shows signs of becoming a good back. I think I'll put him into the scrimmage to-day." So Allan was told to replace the left-half-back of the second team. The first chance given him to take the ball was on a play through right tackle.

Allan fumbled, and the varsity recovered the ball. Coach Stone rebuked him sharply, "If you can't hold the ball, McKellar, I'll put someone in who can." On his next chance, Allan held onto the ball and crashed through

left guard for four yards. His work was very good for the rest of the day, and he was promoted to the varsity team, as substitute for the famous Capt. Dunn. Allan's work steadily improved and he played in several of the minor games.

However, on the day of the great battle with Hotchkiss University, Allan was still substitute for Captain Dunn, and his chance to earn his "B" seemed quite small. The great game started with Allan on the side lines. He watched every movement of Captain Dunn and marveled at his broken field running. His interest in the game was so great that not until the last quarter of the game did he think about his own chances of getting into the game, and then he cast them aside, for he knew that Dunn had had a lot of experience and it would be a serious loss to the team if he were taken out. Besides, he was the captain and it was not likely that he would be taken out so that a mere substitute could earn his letter. However, fate gave him his chance.

Captain Dunn was injured in the last quarter of the game, with but five minutes to play. Brinsdale's supporters groaned, for their team was behind, 7-6, and now the captain was out of the game. The coach beckoned to Allan, gave him his instructions and then Allan was sent on the field, his heart beating with joy. He reported to the referee, and the game went on. Slowly but steadily, even though Allan punted superbly, Brinsdale was pushed back towards its goal, for the team had been greatly disheartened by the loss of its captain. However, fate again turned the tables. With the ball on Brinsdale's five-yard line, Hotchkiss's fullback fumbled the ball. Allan was quick to sense the opportunity and picked up the ball. Then began a run that Brinsdale men still speak of to this day. Two burly tackles were rushing

at him, but luckily he got by them. Even he could not tell how he did it. The quarter-back was the only one who disputed Allan's claim for a touchdown. He ran after Allan with all the speed that had made him famous as a quarter-miler. He gained rapidly on Allan until Allan could hear his labored breathing. Allan was not running now like a regular player. He seemed to have wings on his feet. He could hear dimly the cheers of the people gone mad. Line after line passed under his feet. Under the very shadow of the goal posts, the opposing quarterback gave a mighty leap, and brought him to earth with a loud thump, but not until the ball was safely past the goal posts. The whistle blew. The game was over. Hats were thrown in the air by everybody. The wildest snake dance ever seen in that vicinity was participated in by everybody from the oldest Alumni down to the youngest under-graduates as they gave vent to

their feelings. Allan was the hero of the hour.

He was unanimously voted a major "B" in football by the athletic council. After that Allan buckled down to work and succeeded so well that he won Final Honors in three out of five subjects that year. This was a great achievement, and brought Allan more honors. He was then elected to the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the leading honorary society for brilliant students. Allan got his degree of A. M. "summa cum laude" in June, 1903.

Then he started out to continue his successes in the great, wide world. He is now a nationally known lawyer and is held in high esteem by his associates as a man of the highest moral character.

Oftentimes he gazes at the picture of the football team of 1903, Brinsdale University, and a thrill of pride comes over him as he remembers how he did his bit for dear old Brinsdale.

Contributions

A word in regard to contributions: (1) All stories must be in by the fifteenth of the month preceding the issue in which it is desired to appear. (2) All other contributions must be in by the twenty-fifth of the preceding month. (3) No story will be accepted unless on white paper. The kind and size of paper similar to large English composition paper is preferred. (4) The manuscript must be written on *one side only* of the paper. (5) Do not roll your contribution. (6) At the top of the first page, on the right hand side, the fol-

lowing information must be found: Name of contributor, room number, class, and the number of words in the manuscript. (Just count the number of words in a line and multiply by the number of lines.) This last is to enable us to know how much space the story will take in the *Register*. (7) Whenever possible *typewrite your contribution*. It will save both the editor and the printer a vast amount of time and always gives a manuscript preference, as typewriting is much neater than handwriting and so appears much better.

SHOW WHERE YOU ARE FROM! WEAR AN ARMBAND AT THE
LATIN-ENGLISH GAME.

The New Coach

Paul G. Carney.

The Stone School hall, the largest on the campus, was packed. The crowd extended even out to the huge, marble stairway. A football meeting was being held, and the size of the crowd signified something unusual. For five long years Blairville had won the annual football game, and to make the situation more bitter, a number of other elevens had defeated Stone in the last two years. Dr. Martin, the headmaster, had been a scholar, having no interests outside the class room. He had, indeed, been a great scholar, but it rankled in the minds of the students that he took no interest in any of their sports.

He had been replaced by Dr. Thompson, the head of the mathematics department. Dr. Thompson may not have been so great a scholar as Dr. Martin, but he did take a great deal of interest in the school's athletics,—thus the meeting this night. The five successive defeats had annoyed him more than any of the students realized, and he had made arrangements so that it should not happen a sixth time.

When the boys returned for the fall term, they had found an altogether new state of affairs. Many new rules and regulations had been made, but most important in the minds of all was the presence of a new coach.

His name was Bench, and some of the older boys in the school remembered him as the star end on Notre Dame's championship eleven of a few years before, his all-around tackling and receiving of passes having earned for him a place on the All-American team. Practice had been held that afternoon under a few of the masters. Bench had watched the backs catching the

punts. It was understood that he would not take charge until the next day.

He was seated on the platform with the head master, the cheerleader, Nox, the quarterback and captain, and a few others. When the Headmaster had finished his talk, the cheerleader arose.

"Now, fellows, a long cheer for good old Stone. Everybody in it and make it good."

Crisply the cheer of the school rang out, and then the Glee Club man led them in "Stone Triumphant." As they finished, the Headmaster rose again and the cheer that greeted him was genuine.

"I'm not going to take much of your time," said he. "I just want to introduce our new coach, Mr. James Bench. I know that by his efforts, our rival, Blairville, will not cast derisive glances in our direction again."

There was no mistaking the vocal outbursts that greeted Dr. Thompson's closing words, and when he seized Bench by the arm and led him to the middle of the platform, the roof shook. Bench was not a big man but he was splendidly built. He was a blonde, with crinkling hair, square jaws, and deep-set blue eyes. He stood for a minute, after the cheers had died down, looking over his audience. His glance seemed to rest upon every face individually.

He began, "I don't see any reason why Blairville should lick you fellows year after year. You look good to me. What do you say? Do we beat Blairville this year?"

"Yes!" The answering echo could be heard a mile away.

"That's the fight! That's the spirit! But a game can't be won without prac-

tice. Neither can it be won when there's no cheering section present. I want no quitters."

When he finished, a yell went up that was every bit as bellicose as his words had been, a furious outburst that went on and on.

"Good for you!" Bench waved his hand. "Stay that way and we'll deliver That's all."

Next afternoon, Bench met his squad in the locker room. He had set the time himself to see how punctual they would be. Some thirty-five boys were present. He was in the middle of a short talk on the art of catching a punt, when the door opened and four chaps walked in and started to go to their lockers.

"Who are you fellows?" Bench asked.

"Football players," one returned with a smile. "We were linesmen last year."

"I see," Bench replied. "Well, you fellows wait outside until I've spoken to these chaps who thought enough of the school to be here on time. I'll speak to you later."

And Bench resumed his talk to the squad as the four shuffled out indignantly.

When he was through with his speech, he sent them on the field and called in the four tardy ones. As soon as they were in, he shut the door and looked them up and down.

"I understand you fellows perfectly," he said. "You're these boys who, having been on the varsity one year, think you will be on as long as you're here. You being varsity men don't lower yourselves to the others. Instead, you come when you get ready rather than set a good example. If any of you are late again you won't play for Stone, and I'll see that all the students know why. Now get your uniforms on and make up for that time you've lost. Remember, I bear you no ill will, but you've got to redeem yourselves in my eyes before I'm satisfied."

Most of the next week was spent on blackboard plays, simple, but of the sort that would get the distance behind any kind of interference. He explained everything and then taught them the art of tackling.

The first game found the team on edge. The defense of Stone was clearly superior, but the offensive did not yield one touchdown in the first half. Stone's tackling was clean and hard. Her interference was great, but at a crucial moment a back would fumble. Fumble followed fumble, despite the pleas of Stone's rooters for a touchdown. The half ended with the score nothing to nothing.

The team gathered in the dressing room for the doctor to look them over. They scarcely looked at the coach. They knew how badly they had fumbled and were waiting to be censured. But he uttered no reproof.

"Boys," he said. "let's go after this crowd. Try a few of those shifts, first one side of the line and then the other, and you'll soon have them rattled."

That last half was glorious. Stone scored four touchdowns and two field goals and they looked like champions.

Stone won the next three games by large scores, the last one being especially pleasing as they had lost to that team the previous year. "Battle Heights," the next team on the schedule, having defeated Stone the previous year, did not deem it necessary to do much practising and were thoroughly trounced, thirty to nothing. At the end of the game the coach noticed something he had been afraid of, overconfidence. It had begun to work among the team. The next Saturday proved his supposition when they barely won, seven to six, from a small town eleven that had been put on the schedule as a "breather." Bench didn't say much but . . . !

On Friday, the day before the great Blairville game, it seemed as though the school would crack under the strain.

In the department of Ancient History when Nox, the captain, was asked what country was invaded by the Greeks, he replied:

"Why, Blairville, Sir."

Even the master joined in the roar of laughter that arose.

That afternoon the varsity held its last secret practice.

When they were through, the coach smiled.

"Not one error," he said.

When they asked what they were to do that night, he replied that they were to go to the moving pictures, to get their minds off the game.

At last came Saturday, a perfect November day. There was a tang in the air and yet it was not so cold that the backfield men were likely to have numb fingers.

When in the lockers, Bench said:

"Boys, what's Blairville here for?"

There was a short pause. Then came Ryan's big voice:

"To get licked!"

"Right!" The coach swept his hands apart and brought them together with a crash.

"Hold that thought in your mind, and also remember, no fumbles. Now then beat it out there, and see if the school's in back of you."

Blairville was overconfident, as they trotted on the field and snapped through their signals. But Bench soon forgot this in the few minutes that followed. Craig who usually kicked off had bungled the job with the result that Blairville had the ball on her forty-five yard line. Nox, playing up for a forward, was caught unawares and the Blairville punt went over his head. It was one of those surprises that are so well calculated to unnerve a team at the very start. Nox reached the ball ahead of the rest and threw himself upon it, but it bounced away from his chest. It was Ryan who got it in the end on Stone's

ten-yard line. The first three plays netted them only four yards. On the fourth, however, the Stone end played wide and the Blairville end went out to cover him. The play went through tackle and end for twenty yards, the half-back taking the end out. The Stone crowd went crazy. It showed for the first time in five years Stone could break through the Blairville line. Stone then punted from her forty-yard line, the ball going high and about twenty yards. There was a stiff wind blowing and the natural course would be to let it land. A Blairville back, however, tried to catch it and it bounced off his chest into Ryan's outstretched arms. The quick interference Stone formed took out player after player, but in the end it was Blairville's quarterback, a track star, that brought Ryan down on Blairville's ten-yard line. Nox had to hold up his hand in order that the crowd would stop, so his men could hear the signals. They failed to score and Blairville punted out of danger as the half ended.

Stone entered that last half determined to score, but the end of the third period saw Blairville's weight beginning to tell. A series of smashing line plunges and two big gains in an exchange of punts put the ball on Stone's five yard line. On the first play the Blairville full-back was tackled so hard he dropped the ball and Evarts, the right end for Stone, fell on it. A sigh of relief went up from the Stone bleachers, but gloom still prevailed. Would they block the kick? All Blairville was playing in close and were determined to block it. But there never was a kick. Nox tossed a forward to Ryan deep in back of the Blairville center, and he sprinted unmolested to a touchdown. Blairville made gallant efforts but the game ended in a few minutes and Coach Jimmie Bench had made good.



The *Register* gratefully acknowledges the following exchanges:—

The *Belmont Sentinel*, Belmont H. S., Los Angeles, Cal.

The *Maroon and White*, J. Sterling Morton H. S., Cicero, Ill.

The *Jabberwock*, Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.

The *Pasadena Chronicle*, Pasadena H. S., Pasadena, Cal.

The *Boston University News*, Boston University, Boston, Mass.

The *School Times*, Springfield H. S., Springfield, Mo.

The *Westport Crier*, Westport H. S., Kansas City, Mo.

The *Bowdoin Orient*, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.

We wish to call to the attention of the *Orient* that the *Register* is the magazine published by the *Boston Latin School*, not the Latin High School.

The *Williamette Collegian*, Williamette University, Salem, Ore.

The *Grotonian*, Groton School, Groton, Mass.

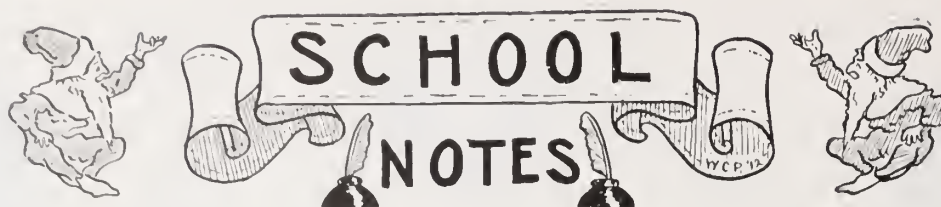
The *Hill Record*, Hill School, Pottstown, Pa.

The *Advocate*, Needham H. S., Needham, Mass.

The *Iris*, Girls' High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

BE PATRIOTIC !!

**WEAR YOUR SCHOOL COLORS! ARM-BANDS AND PENNANTS,
ROOM 217**



No doubt we have many amateur photographers in the school. Here is a chance for them to show what they have. The *Register* solicits all photographs on interesting subjects made by students in the school. All deserving pictures will be published, with the names of the contributors appended, whether they are made with a diminutive box camera or a big Graflex. The *Register* aims to please, but it cannot do so without the co-operation of the School. So get busy; send in that picture you were always going to have enlarged and framed! If it's good, we'll publish it. All pictures will be returned.

* * *

A cheer rally was held in the drill hall on Friday, October 17, in preparation for the football games at our home grounds, which began on the following Monday. Introductory remarks were made by Mr. French and Mr. Fitzgerald. Under the leadership of Sutton, the hearty cheers of the assembled throng caused the very foundations of the building to tremble. If our team plays as well as our School cheers, we'll be far in the van when the final game of the series will be over.

* * *

Those boys of the school who plan to go to Tech. may be interested and perhaps alarmed to learn that M. I. T. now requires a minimum of seventy per cent in the College Board Trigonometry examination instead of sixty per cent as previously.

* * *

We want more contributions!

At the assembly on October 27, the upper school listened to Ensign Compton, U. S. N. R., who was sent to address us in honor of the Navy Day celebration. Mr. Compton said that the navy is not only a protective and offensive department, but also a great help in peacetime. He told of the navy's advancement of the arts and sciences, its help to all nations, whether friendly or otherwise, its enormous aid to mariners by its work in oceanography and in publishing ice-charts, and proved in many other ways that the navy is a great peacetime asset. It is for us to remember his words, and when further talk of scrapping our ships is brought forward, let us hope that the Latin School boys and Alumni will be foremost in speaking for the preservation of the United States Navy, one of the greatest institutions in the world.

* * *

Some errors in the list of room reporters appeared in the October issue. These mistakes are corrected in the following list:—

<i>Room</i>	<i>Name</i>
107	E. Massel
117	L. G. Kewer
202	F. A. Cassidy
210	J. Brenner
217	P. M. McDavitt
100	G. I. Abercrombie
114	W. W. Clay
115	C. F. Donovan
203	C. Daun
214	S. J. Curran
316	L. W. Easton

On Friday, October 17, we once more heard those familiar words, "The boys will speak in the order of their classes, beginning with the youngest." It was the first Public Declamation of the year, and therefore we cannot blame some of the younger speakers for their inexperience in the customary little formalities which characterize such events. We saw several veterans of previous years, and there were many new faces looking down at us from the platform. But there were not enough new pieces. We have lost all hope of attending, before we graduate, a Public Declamation which would be

entirely bereft of those "old faithfuls" which the critical audiences are indeed tired of hearing.

* * *

We congratulate L. B. Benjamin upon his appointment as drum-major. After attending a practice-session of his trusty band, we feel convinced that they can make enough harmonious noise to satisfy any lover of martial music. The roster shows that the corps contains 33 buglers and 26 drummers, with whose co-operation the leader expects to have a successful year.

—L. H. S.

Alumni Notes

We regret to announce the death of Edward Robinson '75, who recently received the honorary degree of Litt. D. from Princeton University.

* * *

Eugene C. Glover '20 has recently been awarded a Henry Russell Shaw travelling fellowship by Harvard University.

* * *

"The Naval History of the World War," by Thomas G. Frothingham '83, has been recently published by the Harvard University Press.

* * *

We are pleased to announce the marriage of Roger Browne Tyler '13 to Miss Margaret Lois Blakely, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney R. Blakely. Among the ushers at the wedding was Malcolm P. Bail, another son of the School.

* * *

Those who were at the Museum of Fine Arts on Sunday, October 12, were

delighted by the lecture of Henry L. Seaver '96, on "The Welcome of Herakles".

* * *

John Walter Saladine '13 was married on July 22, 1924, to Miss Dorothy Bill at Hartford, Conn.

* * *

Sunday lectures on religion were given at Harvard by Charles W. Eliot '49, on October 12, and by William W. Fenn '80 on November 16.

* * *

The marriage of Trevor Washington Swett '11 to Miss Marjorie Paret, daughter of Mrs. Robert L. Paret of Spring Lake, N. J., has been announced.

* * *

Wendell F. Fogg '14 is an instructor in English at the University of Missouri, at Columbia, Mo.

* * *

John Henry Holleran '23 is the regular left tackle on Dartmouth's football team this year.

The Class Election

There is one master who can truly be thankful that the election of officers for the Class of 1925 is over. For many days prior to the fateful tenth of October, he had his hands full dispersing groups of eager "constituents" and hopeful candidates who were gathered in the passages. Before school and during the noon recesses the corridors resounded with the talk of gentlemen discussing the subject and the convincing tones of the potential presidents, vice-presidents, etc. When finally the day of judgment arrived, the candidates flitted about here and there, button-holing their unfortunate classmates, and garnering stray votes from all corners of the building. Within the few short minutes of the home-room period at noon their fates were settled.

On the ballot there were named six aspirants for the office of president, four candidates for vice-president, and seven for secretary-treasurer. When we saw the list of candidates for the Class Committee we had to look twice ere we could believe our eyes. It seemed as if every member of the class had his name on the ballot. A hurry call was immediately sent for the staff mathematician who, after many long hours of toilsome and laborious calculations, finally announced that there were thirty candidates!

On the following Thursday the results of the election were published. H. I. Parks was elected president with a vote of 41. Williams with 32 and R. D. Parks with 27 votes, were next in order, in this race. Daniel, Slater, and

Gildea followed, with 23, 20, and 6 votes respectively.

V. P. Sullivan cleaned up the vote for vice-president with 68 to his credit. Far behind him, yet second on the list, came Seiff with 31 votes. Robinson received 26 and Levin 24 votes.

I. Kogos, with 35 ballots, beat out Scully for the office of secretary-treasurer by the narrow margin of two votes. Herbert with 32, Mirsky with 20, and Yeslawsky with 15 also ran, as did Brown and Fors.

In the ballot for Class Committee, G. H. Sexton came first with 46 votes, followed by T. E. Flanagan with 45, J. J. Hayes with 44, and W. L. O'Leary and D. C. Sachs, each with 37. Since there can be only four members on the committee, a special ballot was held between the last two named, O'Leary winning the enviable position by a vote of 99 to 54.

The *Register* was well represented in the election, and twenty-five percent of its candidates were successful. We leave it to you to figure out how many candidates were *Register* men, reminding you in passing that V. P. Sullivan is Sports Editor.

In summary form, the officers of the Class of 1925 are:

President—Henry I. Parks, (303)
Vice-Pres.—Vincent P. Sullivan, (304)
Secretary-Treasurer—Isaac Kogos, (300)
Class Committee—George H. Sexton (300)
 Thomas E. Flanagan, (304)
 John J. Hayes, (300)
 William L. O'Leary, (303)

—L. H. S

Our Club Page

THE DEBATING CLUB

Meetings of the Debating Club have been held every Monday in Room 203, under the direction of Mr. Pierce. Negotiations are now under way for debates with other schools. On October 28 a debate was held on the following subject: "Resolved: That the Present Immigration Law be Modified." The affirmative side was upheld by Kozody and M. C. Sachs. The negative was taken by Goldenberg and Beaser. Debates have been held on the following subject: "Resolved: That the Votes of the Country Uphold the Republican Party in the Coming Election."

Mr. Pierce contributes much to the success of the club. His cheerful sacrifice of his own time is a great help to the club. The members cannot express their thanks to him too highly.

* * *

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

Many events have occurred during the past month of work in the Dramatic Club. A play has been selected and a temporary cast designated from the boys who have been present at the meetings. Work has progressed well and the production will probably be put on several months earlier this year than last year. It is even possible that two plays will be produced. Rehearsals for the various parts are held on different days during the week, and Mr. Russo is busy much of the time in the interest of the club.

* * *

THE GLEE CLUB

The usual Thursday meetings of the Glee Club have been continued, and excellent progress has been made. Several numbers have been taken up, and the club performs creditably. Mr. Hamlin said at the end of one of the rehearsals that that rehearsal had been better than any held last year.

C. M. T. C. CLUB

Two days before the end of the encampment at Devens, all the Latin School boys in the camp held a meeting and organized The Latin School C. M. T. C. Club. Colonel Penney was present and spoke to the meeting. The following officers were elected:

President—H. I. Parks '25, Room 303

Vice-Pres.—J. C. Scully '25, Room 301

Secretary—D. C. Sachs '25, Room 301

Sergeant-at-Arms—J. B. Gibbons '26, Room 306

* * *

THE CHESS AND CHECKER CLUB

The Chess and Checker Club held its first meeting of the year on Friday, October 17, in room 206. About 20 fellows enrolled as members.

An election of officers was held on November 1. Team matches with schools and colleges about Boston are being arranged. A new chess team will be organized this year, as last year's team, which did not lose a single match, graduated. The club holds its meetings every Friday at 2.30 in room 206. New members will be taught either game and lectures will be held for their benefit.

* * *

THE ORCHESTRA

The usual meetings of the orchestra have been held on every Tuesday and Friday during the last month. During these meetings many boys of the school are present, to enjoy the excellent music.

On November 7, the orchestra broadcasted a program from the Shepard Stores, Station WNAC. Twenty-five of the Latin School orchestra made up the personnel on this occasion.

It is expected the orchestra will soon be able to appear before the school, and everything seems to indicate that this year's organization will be, if possible, better than that of last year.

—S. E. H. Jr.



TENNIS

By Manager Woodbury.

Last year we had a wonderful team and made a fine record. We have lost most of last year's team but we believe that our new team will make a better record than last year's. As we won the championship last spring we believe we shall repeat this year, for English High School has lost some of its old players, and as you all know, they are our ancient rivals in sports. We think that with the aid of Stott, Flanagan, Winer, and Joy, a developing player, we shall make all our matches hotly contested.

Stott won the school championship from Woodbury, October 24, by the score of 6-3, 4-6, 8-6. He has made wonderful improvement since last year. Stott and Woodbury will probably team together in doubles.

Our tennis schedule is yet uncertain but as planned, we shall play:

Brookline	May	1
Milton	"	8
Mechanics	"	12
Lynn	"	15
Dorchester	"	19
Commerce	"	22
St. Johns	"	27
Newton	"	29
Groton	June	3
English	"	12

We have not as yet planned any more matches. However, we expect to play Andover and Exeter Academies.

* * *

THE RIFLE TEAM

The rifle team is beginning to take on a definite shape now, although it is in no wise certain yet as to who will be on the team. After the first two weeks, the boys seemed to take hold and all began to turn in good scores. Captain J. Gibbons and Manager J. G. Sullivan, who will be, of course, the mainstays of this year's team, aided by Lieutenant Lannon, are doing all they can to help the fellows. So many came to the range on the first day, that they had to be divided into three groups, of which the first group is to report on October 9 and 23, the second on October 16 and 30, and the third on November 6 and 13.

It has been no easy task to single out the good shots from the various divisions, but the scores of the following have been creditable. Steptoe, Sutton, R. Faxon, Berkwitz, Hand, J. Yeslawsky, P. J. Sullivan, G. Faxon, Brophy, Johnson, and Garlitz.

HAVE YOU SEEN

THE NEW PENNANTS ARM-BANDS AND MEGAPHONES FOR THE
LATIN-ENGLISH GAME? SEE THEM IN ROOM 217,

News from the GRIDIRON

THE SALEM GAME

On October 4, our team journeyed to Salem to play that city's powerful eleven. The team had cast a lot of bad football and fumbles out of its system the previous Saturday at Groton, and it played a much better game at the Witch City. The offense was much better, and, although not a large variety of plays were tried, we gained much more ground than in the first game. A few forward passes were tried, and about half of these were completed for fairly good gains. The line was also very good when one considers that Salem made only three first downs on line bucks. Wineapple made the first touchdown for Salem in the first quarter after a twenty-yard run off our left end. He himself kicked the goal for the seventh point. He carried the ball across for a second time after a long run off the same tackle in the fourth period. Save for these long runs, the game was played, for the most part, in the center of the field. Salem played a very conservative game, and usually punted on the third down. In the fourth quarter, her forward passing game was broken up by the fast charging of our line, and Parks recovered a forward pass on Salem's own 35-yd. line.

Latin School did not play a very open game, resorting mostly to line plunges, except in the last quarter, when a few



forward passes were tried. Neal, who started the game at quarterback, dislocated his shoulder in the first half and was replaced by Donaghy. Donaghy, although new to the quarterback assignment, played a fine game and made some excellent tackles. Gildea played his usual fine game as defensive fullback, and O'Leary, at left end, broke up a large number of plays that were hurled at his end. An end position was a hard assignment in this game, too, for the Salem team, on an end run, had about four interferers for the man carrying the ball. Wineapple, Salem's right halfback, was the outstanding star on his team. We hope that Neal will recover from his injury and be back on the team in a short time.

<i>Salem</i> , 13	<i>Latin</i> , 0
Connolly, le	re, McLaughlin
Connors, lt	rt, Herbert, Levin
Leman, lg	rg, Williams, Fisher
O'Donnell, Donovan, c	c, Parks
O'Day, rg	lg, Sullivan
Roby, rt	lt, Weinberg
Lomasney, re	le, Donahue
Dallaire, Cunningham	qb, Neal, Donaghy
Antos, lhb	rhb, Donaghy, Wilson
Wineapple, rhb	lhb, Owens, Martin, Minton
Walke, fb	fb, Gildea

Touchdowns made by Wineapple 2. Point by goal after touchdown, made by Wineapple. Referee, Brown, Trinity. Umpire, Connell. Georgetown. Linesman, Lane, Boston. Time, 10-min. periods.

* * *

THE NORWOOD GAME

The third game of the season was played at Norwood on Columbus Day. Herbert received the opening kickoff and ran the ball back about 20 yards before he was tackled. After a few line plunges, Donaghy punted. Geary, Norwood's quarterback, immediately started to rush the ball, first around the ends, and then trying the tackles. After an exchange of punts, Geary again opened up his attack and hurled play after play at the tackles. Norwood made a fairly good gain with each play and was soon in a position to score. With the ball inside the fifteen-yard line, our line held well for three downs, but on the fourth down, as a result of a trick play, Spierdowis carried the ball across for the first score.

In the second period, Latin School had its best chance to score. This was the result of a kick from a close formation. To all appearances the play was to be a line buck, but when the ball was snapped back to Donaghy, he punted. Geary caught the punt, only to have it snapped

out of his arms as the result of a fierce tackle by O'Leary.

The ball then bounded toward the Norwood goal line, and was recovered by a Norwood man on Norwood's five-yard line, after a brush with Herbert, both of whom had made a dive for the ball. Norwood scored a second time in this period after a march down the field, similar to the one in the first period. The ball was put across the line by the same trick play that did it before. Norwood's last score came in the fourth period as a result of a slip in the signals. The call was for a line buck, but the ball was passed to Donaghy, who had to punt. The ends, naturally, did not go down under the kick, with the result that Geary ran the ball back to our ten-yard line and, on the next play, took the ball across the line.

Gildea played a fine game at fullback. Wells, Parks, and Holzman shone on the defense. Donaghy and Herbert, at the halfback positions, also did some good work. Spierdowis featured for Norwood.

<i>Norwood</i> , 18	<i>Latin</i> , 0
Berkland, le	re, Holzman
Massey, lt	rt, Gildea
Hansen, lg	rg, Sullivan
Mattson, c	c, Parks
Hastings, rg	lg, Williams
Bunney, rt	lt, Wilson
Gibson, re	le, O'Leary
Geary, qb	qb, Donaghy
Dolahaer, lhb	rhb, Herbert
Fireman, rhb	lhb, Weiner
Spierdowis, fb	fb, Martin

Touchdowns, Geary, Spierdowis 2. Subs.—Norwood, le, S. Prendergas, Hauck; lt, A. Schaier; lg, Cobb; c, W. McDonough; rg, J. Prendergas, J. Walsh; rt, E. Stone; re, Waldhenna; qb, Glavin, Cavanaugh; lhb, Barrett, Foley, Jasionis; rhb, R. Geary, Crosby, J. McDonough. Latin—rg, Fisher; lg,

Colbert; It, Weinberg; lhb, Hoyt; fb, Frederico. Referee, A. J. Woodlock, Umpire, L. Daley. Head Linesman, T. Scanlon. Length of periods, 4 10-min. periods.

* * *

THE B. C. HIGH GAME

The annual game with Boston College High opened with Weinberg kicking off to McCabe. B. C. H. rushed the ball twice, and, after an exchange of punts, brought the ball to Latin's 15-yard line. It looked bad for Latin School. On the next play, however, White, B. C. High's fullback, was thrown for a loss of ten yards. A penalty then brought the ball out to the thirty-yard line, and the danger, for the time, seemed past. But our hopes were dashed, when, on the next play McCabe broke through the line and brought the ball to our eight-yard line. McCabe then threw a forward pass to McCarthy, who somersaulted over the line for the first touchdown. Shanahan dropped the ball through the uprights for the seventh point. Latin School kicked off again, this time to Swan. B. C. High rushed the ball three times, and, on the fourth down, kicked off side at midfield, Latin School returned the punt and recovered the ball on B. C. High's 32-yd. line. Here a fumble spoiled a good chance for Latin School to make a touchdown, and paved the way for B. C. High's second score. On the first line buck, after recovering the ball, McCabe ran through the entire Latin School team for B. C. High's second touchdown.

B. C. High then kicked off to Latin School, and recovered the ball when it hit the ground before it had gone fifteen feet, and returned to the kicker like a boomerang. After 2 rushes, a forward pass was recovered by Scully, our right end, who made about five yards before being tackled. Latin School then tried some forwards, and completed one for a gain of fifteen yards. Donaghy punted on the next play and

sent up a "high-skyer" which went offside at midfield. After another exchange of kicks, B. C. High had the ball on Latin School's 25-yd. line. Frederico then got us out of a bad hole by recovering a B. C. High forward and bringing the ball to midfield. Another forward brought the ball to B. C. High's 35-yd. line, but there, after two rushes, we were forced to punt.

After another exchange of punts, B. C. High completed a forward pass and brought the ball to Latin School's 35-yd. line. On the next punt, Swan recovered the ball after it had escaped Donaghy by taking a bad bound, and he went over the line for another touchdown. After the next kickoff, Latin School rushed the ball to B. C. High's 25-yd. line and that put us in a position to drop kick. On the next play, Donaghy put the ball through the uprights for Latin School's first score of the game and season. The game ended immediately after this drop kick.

The game was not up to the usual high standard of the B. C. High-Latin School games of other years; it was too one sided. Latin School has the material for a fine team and at times it looks excellent, but it does not seem to be able to take advantage of its breaks. This is, for the most part, due to the lack of experience of our team. It is soon due to play its most important games of the season, the ones with the city schools. Let the school keep up the good record of attendance that it showed at this game, and lend the team its most hearty support. We hope that the team will live up to all the fine things that we expect from it, and be returned a victor in its next home game. Donaghy and Gildea of Latin School and McCabe of B. C. H. were the outstanding stars of the game.

B. C. High, 19
McCarthy, lc
Mason, lt
J. Swan, lg

Latin, 3
re, O'Leary
rt, Wembey
rg, Colbert

Cavanaugh, c	c, Parks
Kiley, rg	lg, Sullivan
Carline, rt	lt, Leveor
Hafferty, re	le, Wells
McCabe, qb	qb, Donaghy
Bellew, lhb	rhb, Wilson
Shanahan, rhb	lhb, Gildea
White, fb	fb, Herbert

Score, B. C. High 19, Latin 3. Touchdowns, McCarthy, McCabe, Swan. Points after touchdown, Shanahan. Goals from field, Donaghey. Substitutions, B. C. High—qb, Cole; le, E. Swan; rt, Walsh; lhb, Tierns; rt, Sculpetti, Troy; lhb, Cadran; fb, Collins. Latin—le, Wells, Scully; re, Owens, Holzman, O'Connell; rhb, Fred-
erico; fb, Wells; rg, Fisher; lhb, Hoey, Referee, Rooney. Umpire, Crowley. Head linesman, Murray. Time: 10-min. periods.

* * *

THE QUINCY GAME

The next game was played at Pfaffman Oval at Quincy. The score, 21 to 0, seems to indicate that Latin School was badly beaten, but this was not so. The team seemed better than at any other time this season, and, save in the first and last minutes of the game, when all the points were scored, put up a fine game and held Quincy even in all departments of the game.

Quincy High kicked off to Latin School to open the fray. After one rush Donaghy punted. Quincy High immediately started a whirlwind attack that troubled our fellows a great deal. In two downs they made 30 yards, and on the third play, a forward from LeClair to Parrish, put the ball across for the first score. Parrish kicked the goal.

Latin School again kicked off, and, after three long gains, Kretchmann went across the line for the second touchdown. Parrish again kicked the goal, and, inside of four minutes of play Quincy High had fourteen points.

After the next kickoff, Latin School

seemed much steadier and forced Quincy to punt. Herbert then went through for eight yards, but the attack was stopped on the following play, when Quincy recovered a fumble. On two long end runs and a fake forward pass, the ball was again on Latin School's 10-yd. line. Parks then saved us from another Quincy score by recovering a fumble. Donaghy punted out of danger, but the ball was soon on Latin School's 20-yd. line as the result of Parrish's plunges through the line. He was then taken out of the game and replaced by Todd. Our line now held for three downs, and Quincy tried to drop kick the ball over the goal posts. The attempt was blocked and the half then ended with Latin School in possession of the ball on their own 25-yd. line. In the second half both teams started to punt, each waiting for the breaks. One soon came in the form of a fumble, which Latin School recovered on Quincy's 35-yd. line. Donaghy then brought the ball to the 20-yd. line. But the Quincy line held Latin School to a gain of four yards in three rushes, and forced Donaghy to try a drop kick, which missed the uprights. Quincy then punted, and Donaghy caught the ball on one of its bounds and brought it back to Quincy's 30-yd. line. Here, Quincy intercepted a forward pass and again kicked out of danger. Latin School kept up its forward passing game with the result that one was intercepted at midfield and Quincy started its march for the third score of the day. Two line plunges and a forward pass brought the ball to the 5-yd. line, and here Latin School, in two plays, forced the ball back to the 9-yd. stripe. On the next play, however, Ryder took the ball across the goal line on a crisscross play. Latin School again kicked off to Quincy, and after an exchange of punts, the game ended with the ball at mid-field.

Latin School played a fine game, de-

fensively, but seemed to miss Gildea on the offense. Gildea is still out with an injured leg, which he received in the B. C. H. game. So hurry up and get the leg in its old form, Gil, the team needs you. Donaghy played a wonderful game and was in on every play. His quick thinking saved the team many a time and Parrish was the only one on either team who could match his speed. Herbert and Parks played a fine game, as did the whole team. Parrish featured for Quincy, and with him out of the line up, Quincy's attack was slowed up a great deal.



Summary

Quincy, 21	Latin, 0
O'Brien, le	re, Sullivan
Ryder, lt	rt, Levin, O'Leary
Martel, McLean, Gacicia, lg rg, Colbert	
Foley, Curtis, Foy, c	c, Parks
Hebert, rg	lg, Fisher, Williams
Cook, rt	lt, Weinburg, O'Connell
Lindholm, Kilpatrick, re	
	le, Scully, Seliber
LeCain, Chapman, qb	qb, Donaghy
Kreichman, Baldutchi, lhb	
	rhb, Roach, Maloney
Parrish, Todd, rhb	lhb, McLaughlin
Granni, Morse, fb	fb, Wilson, Owens
Touchdowns, made by Parrish, Kretchman, Todd. Points by goal after touchdown, made by Parrish 2, Ryder. Referee, Lawrence. Umpire, White. Linesman, Webber. Time, 4 10-min. periods.	

—V. P. S.

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VOCABULARY IF
YOU THINK THEY
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IPPIE



This: "I hear Helen's engaged. I congratulate you."

That: "But she's not engaged to me."

This: "That's why I congratulate you."

¶ ¶ ¶

Teacher: "Can anyone give me the scientific name for snoring?"

S. Alec: "Sheet music on a nasal trombone."

¶ ¶ ¶

One: "During my vacation I tramped on an average of thirty miles a day."

Two: "Ha, ha! I owned a second-hand car once myself."

¶ ¶ ¶

Motorist (arrested for speeding): "Good morning, Judge. How are you this morning?"

Judge: "Fine. Twenty-five dollars."

¶ ¶ ¶

This: "What colum of the daily paper contains a list of people who won't go to the theatre to-night?"

That: "I dunno!"

This: "The death column."

¶ ¶ ¶

Applicant for position: "Have you a good opening for a nice, clean-cut young man?"

Employer: "Yes. Close it as you go out."

¶ ¶ ¶

Disgusted father: "What do you expect to be when you get thru high school?"

Son: "An old man."

¶ ¶ ¶

Mr. Rice, discussing series and parallel connections in a physics class on electricity: "How are the bulbs connected in your house, in series, or in parallel?"

Pupil: "By wires."

¶ ¶ ¶

A traveling man staying at a small town hotel wished to catch a very early train and asked the landlady for the loan of an alarm clock. She produced the clock and remarked. "We don't often use it, sir, and sometimes it sticks a bit, but if it doesn't go off, just touch the little hammer and it'll ring all right."

¶ ¶ ¶

A negro being led to the gallows saw the crowd pushing and running to get a point of vantage, when he yelled, "What are you-all running for? Nothin' gwine to happen till Ah gets dere!"

¶ ¶ ¶

Prof.: "Who was Homer?"

Pupil: "Oh, he is the fellow Babe Ruth knocked out."

¶ ¶ ¶

"A wise man never blows his knows,"

This: "Why is your neck like a type-writer?"

That: "Dunno."

This: "Underwood."

This: "What animal is satisfied with the least nourishment?"

That: "The moth. It eats holes."

She (very kindly): "Are you going to take supper anywhere?"

He: "Why, no, not that I know of."

She: "My, won't you be hungry tomorrow morning?"

This: "Awful accident last night."

That: "What? The wind blew up the harbor?"

This: "No. A car turned a corner."

That: "No reason for an accident was it?"

This: "Yes. There wasn't any corner."

UNDERSTANDING

1st Senior: "What have you been doing all summer?"

2nd Senior: "I had a position in my father's office. And you?"

1st Senior: "I wasn't working, either."

REMEDIED

Mother: "Tom, dear, you'd better not go to the dance this wet night; your rubbers leak."

Tom: "That's all right, mother; I've got pumps inside of 'em."

Ikey and Izzy were separating after an evening together when Ikey said, "Au revoir."

"Vot's dot?" asked Izzy.

"Dat's 'good by' in French."

"Vell," said Izzy, "Carbolic acid."

"Vot's dat?"

"Dot's 'good by' in any language."

Fond mother: "Do you know my son, John?"

Student: "Do I? Why we sleep together in the same French class."

QUICK CHANGE NEEDED

Bobby: "Can't I change my name today, ma?"

Mother: "What in the world do you want to change your name for?"

Bobby: "Cause Pa said he will whip me when he gets home as sure as my name is Robert."

HOME TIES

The college boy's letters to Dad indicate an almost complete mastery of the touch system.

IT ALL DEPENDS

The teacher had been trying to inculcate the principles of the Golden Rule and "Turn the other cheek."

"Now Tommy," she asked, "what would you do supposing another boy struck you?"

"How big a boy are you supposing?" demanded Tommy.

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